

May 1964

A Practical Guide to Successful Living

Guideposts

JIMMY DEAN, recording and TV star, recalls when he faced up to the bitterness in his heart.

The day I learned to forgive

It's strange how little, unexpected things can change our lives—like the telephone call I had a couple of years ago. I was at home when the call came. I picked up the phone and heard a

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Guideposts at the World's Fair... See Page 2

Guideposts at the Fair

For almost 20 years Guideposts has been going out to millions of readers across the land. Now, at last, it's possible for those readers to come to our exhibit in the New York World's Fair which opens April 22. Our exhibit is in the Protestant and Orthodox Center and you'll recognize us by our "Bridge of Understanding," a representation of Guideposts' efforts to build bridges of understanding among the various faiths.

We hope that you will come and walk on that bridge and see the views from it—on one side, symbols of the faiths in golden sculpture, and on the other side, depictions of the many projects that make Guideposts "more than a magazine." Cross over our bridge and you'll arrive in an area devoted to the true stories of faith and inspiration which Guideposts has published over the years. There will be stories to see and listen to in special booths, stories to recall and savor anew. And from time to time the housewives and steelworkers, the movie stars and merchants who have told their own stories in our pages will come to meet with you in person.

Someone from Guideposts will always be in attendance at the Fair exhibit, waiting to greet you. It may be that you will want to tell us your own personal story for possible publication. You see, we have come to the Fair not just so you can learn about us but so that we can get to know you!

The Editors

Guideposts—an inspirational monthly magazine for all faiths—men and women from every walk of life tell how they overcame obstacles, rose above failures, met sorrow, learned to conquer themselves, and became more effective people through direct application of the religious principles by which they live.



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One day, I finally came home and told my mother how we were being ridiculed and asked her why we couldn't get some other clothes.

"Overalls are nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "They're something to be grateful for. Besides, it's what you wear inside your heart that counts."

If I knew then what I know now I never would have asked her that question. Imagine how much it must have hurt her.

Mama always told us, "Be yourself. If people don't like you the way you are, they're not going to like you when you pretend to be someone else."

Our life was not all despair, though. On Sundays, we would walk the three-quarters of a mile from our house to the Seventh Baptist Church. Then, after Sunday dinner, the neighbors would drop in, and Mama would play our old piano, and we'd sing from the green-backed Boardman Hymnal. Later we'd parch peanuts and eat them. Sundays weren't bad at all.

We never heard Mama complain about being poor. There was never any doubt that we would outlast it. Hope was in all of us; deep hope because it was nourished by a deep faith.

Mama got this faith from her father and Don and I got it from both of them and it became part of our lives and our being.

We called Grandfather "Papa." Maybe because for the brief time we knew him he was all the Papa we had. He was a short man with tall beliefs who held that in times of dis-



voice that made something inside me tighten with anger and resentment. The voice at the other end of the line belonged to my father.

How can a son despise his own father? In my case, it wasn't hard because I felt I had plenty of justification. To explain, let me go back through the years to the time when I was 11, my brother Don was nine, and we lived in Plainview, Texas.

That was a long time ago, but I can still see my mother's drawn face as she tried to explain the grim fact that our father had left us. Had walked out. Had deserted us. I remember the deep hurt in her eyes and the numbness in our hearts as she told us we all would have to work hard just to eat and stay alive. She was right: it was hard, brutal-ly hard. Mama opened up a one-chair barber shop in our rented house and cut hair for our neighbors at 15 cents a head. Don and I did everything we could about town to earn money. We pulled cotton and cleaned out chicken houses and milked cows and helped build windmills. My mother had a little garden, and we worked it with her. We needed the food we got from it.

I remember Mama tacking paper on the ceiling of the house we lived in. The ceiling was so thin that if she did not plug up the holes, dirt would fall on us and our food. The only clothes Don and I had were bib overalls. At school we were kidded cruelly by our classmates. I hated those kids and the school and wondered in pain how my father could walk out, leaving us with this shame and this need.

press you depended on your prayers. All that happened was God's will, he would tell us, and if you couldn't see the why of it at the time, it all would be clear later on.

Mamma told us how a hail storm once destroyed half a section of Grandfather's wheat. A section is 640 acres, and 320 acres supplies a lot of wheat; in fact, it is a year's work. The storm lasted less than 30 minutes. Grandfather stood on the back porch watching it and when the destruction was over he said, "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away."

He went inside to thank God for what he had left—little as it was. Then there came the day when the bitterness in me came out and I angrily criticized my father. Grandfather started to reprimand me, changed his mind, and picked up his Bible. He leafed through the pages quickly, and read this:

*It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own Self. . . but be that judge not him before the time, until the Lord come, Who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts.**

But I was 16 then, and words from the old black leather-bound Book didn't help the heartache I felt. Besides, for most of my years I had been trying to live down my father's name. It seemed that he had borrowed money from many people and never paid them back. They didn't let me forget it. I felt I

Gathered around the electric organ for a family songfest at the Dean home in Tenaflly, N. J., are, left to right, Jimmy, Robert, Connie, wife Sue and Garry.



couldn't ever forgive him for that. Or for leaving Mamma to do his work and fight his fight. Or for the big overalls.

After the 11th grade, I left Plainview, enlisted in the Air Force and was stationed in Washington, D. C. A quarter of GI's who sang at night just for tips asked me to come along with my accordion when their father took sick. By the time I was out of uniform I was a solo singer and soon was making a nice living from personal appearances and records. I'd make about a dozen single records and three albums of prayers and hymns before I wrote and recorded *Big Bad John*, which became

a surprising hit. Suddenly, after a silence of 17 years, my father called me one day and asked for money to finance some crazy scheme. I turned him down cold. He called several more times with various requests. The conversations were quick and brief—a flat no. I'm sure he could tell how bitter

THE GLORY OF FRIENDSHIP is not the outstretched hand, nor the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship; it is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when he discovers that someone else believes in him and is willing to trust him with his friendship.

a stop. Scenes from the past flashed before me in a matter of seconds. Suddenly I felt small and tongue-tied, because a man I hardly knew—my father—was dying and we had to bridge the long years of resentment and anger and hate quickly. The silence was probably no longer than 10 seconds. Yet it was long enough for me to look back through time and see the futility and senselessness of any man trying to judge another. For a moment I felt set apart from life's struggle; it was almost as though I was given some new insight into the mind of God. I forgave my father, and I asked to be forgiven, too, for ever trying to judge him. "Thank you for that, Jimmy," he replied. A few days later he was dead. I'm sure his last phone call to me helped my father leave this world with a peaceful mind. And I feel that it did something for me. For today whenever I read of bad conduct in the newspaper, or see a drunk reeling about the sidewalk, or feel criticism rising inside me toward any human being, I try to stop myself at that very moment. And my memory returns quickly to the words of St. Paul: Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, Who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts. ▶▶

I was; after awhile the calls stopped. My career moved along nicely, and one day I was surprised to receive an invitation to appear at a dedication of a new school in my home town of Plainview. Remembering all the taunts about our big overalls, I was tempted to say no. But my mother reminded me gently of the fine neighbors we had had. She said we owed them something. When we arrived at the school, Mama was given a front row seat and she looked very proud and pretty sitting there waiting for the program to begin. When I walked out on stage, everyone was standing and applauding. I was so moved that I couldn't talk or sing or anything. Looking down I saw that Mama was crying, but they were tears of joy. At that moment I felt that all the years of poverty and the humiliation she suffered because of my father were wiped away. The memory of this experience was still in my mind two years ago when my father called again. I began to harden myself against the usual request. But this time his voice was different. There was an urgency in it. "All I want from you this time is your forgiveness, Jimmy. I haven't been much of a father, and I'm sorry. Please, will you forgive me?" There was a pause. "I have cancer. My time is nearly all gone now." For a moment everything came to

by E. L. HUFFINE
Inglewood, California

I WATCHED MYSELF DIE



An airline captain picked up the June, 1963, issue of *Guideposts* and read the article *Return From Tomorrow* by Dr. George Ritchie. "Until I saw that story," he wrote us, "I had always hesitated to tell a similar experience I had 25 years ago. Now I feel the time has come to record it."

The other day a lady stopped me as I moved through the crowd—ed aisle of a passenger jet. "Captain," she said, "I just want you to know I'm going to be praying all the while we're in the air."

"Ma'am," I said, "I'll be ahead of you. I start praying while we're still on the ground."

I wish there'd been time to tell her about the prayer I've used at every take-off for 25 years, since the time in 1938 when I didn't make it. . . .

My love affair with airplanes had started when I was a small boy in Smith Center, Kansas. Out in the field picking cotton I'd occasionally see a plane fly overhead. How I

longed to be up there, free as a bird. The desire to fly grew stronger as I got older and, when at age 19 I

married, my wife Roselyn had to live with it too. It was the Depression then. My only regular job was with the WPA—still we managed to

put aside something each month toward buying a plane. I think I knew Roselyn was saving and scrimping

not because she really wanted a plane, but only to make me happy. But love of planes can be a kind of madness. I fine-combed the air-

craft-for-sale columns until I could give the price of any plane for sale anywhere. One day I was startled to

find one listed for only \$800—half what others were bringing. Excitedly I showed it to Roselyn.

"But honey, we don't have \$800!" she said.

"Maybe he'll sell for less."

Roselyn walked to the bureau, took out the money we had saved for so long, and gave my hand a little squeeze as she put the bills in it.

At dawn the next morning I was at the airport named in the ad. Even the lovely sunrise could not hide the fact that there were holes in the fuselage, drooping wings, a flat tire, and a rusted engine. The final touch was a pair of birds flying in and out of their nesting place in the tail.

Despite all this, I bargained with the owner and offered him all I had —\$450.

Finally he sighed. "Well, okay—take it. It's yours."

When the plane was delivered, a neighbor let me use his pasture to keep it in. At last I had an airplane and an airfield, now all I had to do was learn to fly it. After weeks of patching my plane and running the engine to keep my spirits up, I located a pilot who gave me three days of lessons. What an unforgettable moment when my plane first lifted off the ground and I was airborne! For the next few weeks my heaven seemed very near as I flew over town and fields, all the familiar landscapes.

At last I felt I could fly well enough to take Roselyn up for her first flight. I helped her into her new helmet and goggles and assisted her into the rear seat of the pusher. I swung the propeller and climbed proudly into the cockpit. A gusty wind was blowing and the temperature was in the high 90's. Better be careful, I thought, the field is short and Roselyn's weight will make a difference in the take-off distance.

I advanced the throttle full open. Almost immediately I knew that

One sentence prayer

God, teach us to take advantage of the opportunities offered us—not the people offering them.

we were accelerating slower than usual. Halfway down the field I was still undecided if we could get enough speed to clear the hedgerow at the end of the field. At the three-quarter mark I knew it was too late to stop. I couldn't; there were no brakes. I decided to wait until the last second before trying to pull the plane into the air. Instinctively I uttered a prayer:

"Dear God, we're in Your hands!" I pulled the ship into the air about 40 feet from the hedgerow. The plane shakily rose a bare five feet. It plunged through the hedge, ripping off the wings, and flipped on its back. I was thrown from the cockpit; my head struck the ground.

Now comes the part of the experience which was so strange, and yet so beautiful. With that blow on my head, I was suddenly observing the whole scene from about 50 feet away from the plane. I saw Roselyn struggling to unfasten the safety-belt which still held her. Hot vapor burst from the engine. At last Roselyn rolled free onto the ground. There was another form on the ground too. I knew it was mine, but it did not contain the consciousness with which I was observing all that was happening. Roselyn was dragging the body away from the smoking plane, but I watched with indifference.

It was such a profound revelation! I felt myself as clear as light. There

was no sense of pain, only a feeling of completeness and well-being.

I saw cars pouring onto the field from the highway, people milling about, talking excitedly. I could hear distinctly every word that was said. My attention was particularly drawn to a man and woman far out at the edge of the crowd.

"Well, he must have been a wild one!" the woman was saying. "It's no more than he deserved! Only birds are supposed to fly!"

An old friend came running onto the field. He pushed through the crowd to Roselyn.

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know, Ed," she sobbed.

Ed stooped down and felt my pulse. "Somebody hurry! Get an ambulance!" He straddled my body and started to apply artificial respiration. There was no response; the body remained inert. Suddenly, Ed grabbed my shoulders, shaking my body violently.

He began to shout over and over: "Roy! Roy! Can you hear me?"

At the sound of my name I felt as if a strong wire were tugging me back toward my body. I was reluctant to return and continued to look on, experiencing the most complete contentment. Ed kept calling my name. The pull became stronger each time he called me, and suddenly I was looking up into their faces.

"Oh my God, Roy, we thought you were gone!" Ed panted. Roselyn was holding my hand, tears streaming down her face.

Ed helped me as I staggered to my feet. I felt a curious drive to get over to the couple who had been talking about me.

"I heard what you said about

Captain Huffine is a veteran pilot for American Airlines with over 20,000 hours flying time.



me," I told the woman.

The woman looked startled; they were standing well out of earshot from where my body had lain. "I didn't say anything."

I repeated what I had heard. She turned ashen and fled to her car.

In my mind's eye, every detail of that experience remains, never dimming. Since then as an airline captain I have flown over six million miles, carrying hundreds of thousands of passengers. But as the throttles are thrust forward on my giant jet, I always repeat the prayer I said in my pusher so many years ago.

"Lord, we're in Your hands!"

It is not a prayer for protection in the air more than any other place: flight today seems almost incredibly safe and dependable to those of us who flew the wooden boxes of yesterday. It is more a shout of praise, an affirmation of the truth I discovered one day in a Kansas cow pasture. We are truly in His hands today, and forever. The spirit inside us does not die with accident, disease or age, but emerges into the closer presence of Him who has upheld us in His grasp from the beginning.

Copies of all 10 articles which appeared in the Life After Death series are available in a booklet. Please request LIFE AFTER DEATH booklet enclosing payment to Guideposts, Carmel, N. Y. One booklet 35¢; 3 booklets \$1; 10 for \$3; 25 or more 25¢ each.

Fragile Moments

...when God speaks in whispers



Our little village church was getting its spring cleaning. In order to save money, the men church members took care of the furnace and heavy cleaning while the women did the rest. We also gave suppers, did quilting and held bazaars to raise funds.

Some, of course, had less time to work than others, like women with small children or those who worked outside the home. Those who came regularly began to complain about the others who did little but received as much credit and benefit.

One day our tongues were busier than our hands. We were just down right "mad," and were really letting each other have it. All except Aunt Crissie.

The richest woman in the church, Aunt Crissie was a large, energetic woman with a beautiful rich alto voice. She sang in the choir, directed all the children's programs, taught a Sunday school class and was president of the Ladies' Aid. Aunt Crissie also washed dishes at church suppers and often went down on her hands and knees to scrub and wax the church floor.

But this spring day, resentments had come to a head. Soon we were quarreling, our voices shrill.

Suddenly, above the bickering noises came Aunt Crissie's clear, strong voice singing, *Brighten the Corner Where You are...*

Everyone was silent. There was no sound but Aunt Crissie's voice. Then, on the second stanza, the preacher's wife began to sing. One by one, a little ashamed, the rest of us joined in. Soon everybody was singing, and with such vigor that the little church fairly rocked with the music. That was the end of our quarreling.

Our spirits as well as the church had received a spring cleaning.

Lydia Mayfield, Halstead, Kansas

rough, with a saloon on almost every corner. But there was nothing else to do. John worked the day shift, the boys at night. They went to church on Sundays and tried to bring God into their lives the other six days.

One afternoon a stranger knocked at the door. He told Maggie he understood that she sang in the choir. He was getting together a chorus of Welsh singers who were to tour the New England states, then go to England and finally to Wales. The trip would take five months. He lacked a few voices. Would Maggie be willing to go over to the church and sing for him? The organist was there to accompany them. Naturally Maggie went.

"Dear Lord," she prayed as she walked to the church, "let me be good enough . . . let me be good enough. . . ."

She had sung only a short time when the man stopped her, saying, "I must have you in my group."

Maggie went home walking on air. At last her life's dream to sing was coming true. And she again would see the beloved hills of Wales and her mother and sister.

When John heard the news, he said, "It's wonderful, Maggie. Of course, you'll go. We'll manage."

For a few days Maggie seemed to be living in a world of dreams. Then there arrived an especially cold, nasty day. When John came home from work he said, "My, that coffee smells good, Maggie. It's wicked out."

Her heart sank a little and she thought, "If I go away now there won't be anyone to greet him and no coffee to warm him. There would be no one to listen to the days' happenings." She began to feel

the first stirring of uneasiness.

It was just two mornings later that Cameron burst into the kitchen with, "What's for breakfast, Mom? I'm hungry as a bear." Maggie's heart caught and she wondered what a home without a mother would do to her teen-age boys. Would they be lonesome—their father working all day and their mother gone for five months? Would they take refuge in the saloons?

Suddenly she felt as if she were being torn in two. On one side: her home, her husband, her boys. On the other: Wales, her mother and sister—and to sing!

She knew she had to make a decision. She prayed, "Please, God, show me what is right for me."

And instantly she knew. "Maggie," she said to herself, "you must stay home. Your job is to be a good wife and mother."

John and the boys tried to persuade her to go. "We'll be all right," they assured her. But Maggie said, "No, I *really* want to stay home with you." And she did.

"I don't suppose I'll ever see my mother and sister," she told me. "But I've had my compensations.

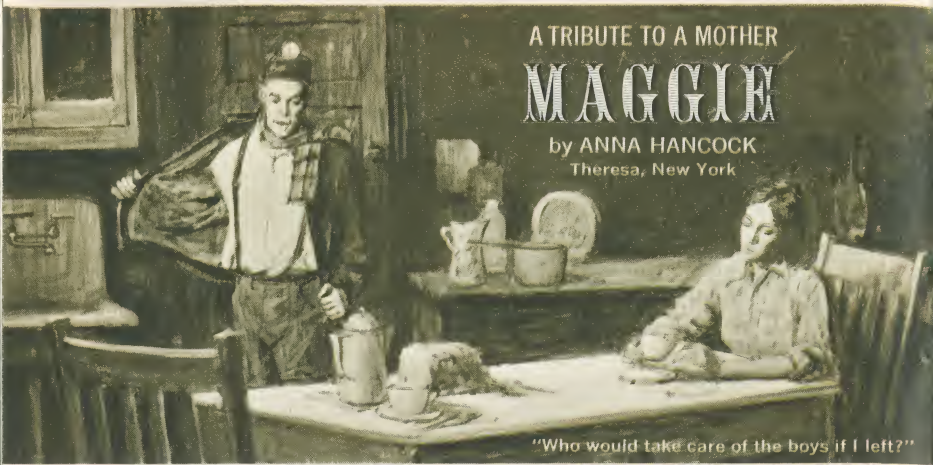
"My boys are good boys. When we sing together in the church choir, I look down at John in the congregation and when I see how happy and satisfied he is with us, I know I did what was right for me and, I, too, am happy."

Maggie walked with me to the corner where I took the trolley into Scranton. I never saw her again but I know that in that humble mining home lived one of America's great mothers. And I understood the look of radiance on her face—it was love shining through. ◀ ◀

A TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

MAGGIE

by ANNA HANCOCK
Theresa, New York



"Who would take care of the boys if I left?"

MANY years have slipped away since I sat in the dingy but clean kitchen of that little mining home near Scranton, Pennsylvania, eating supper with John and Maggie Evans.

Everything was drab those days in the coal mining districts. There was a darkness in the streets that not even the sun could dispel. The company houses opposite the mines seemed to sag in hopelessness—you could not tell whether they had originally been painted grey or if the grey that made them all identical was merely the accumulation of years of coal dust settling.

Only in Maggie's face as she greeted me, a stranger, had I found life and radiance.

I had met Maggie when I had spoken to a group of women in the little Welsh church in town a few days before. She was president of the group and had asked me to have supper with her on this night. I could not refuse the eagerness of her request. And, frankly, I was intrigued by Maggie's sense of aliveness amidst the dreariness of her surroundings.

At the close of the meal, John took the newspaper and went into another room while Maggie and I sat at the table visiting. It was then she told me her story.

When she was 17, she had left Wales to come to America to marry John. She never dreamed, as she stood on the boat deck and waved good-bye to her mother and sister, that she wouldn't be seeing them soon again.

"I thought there was plenty of money in America," she told me. "I thought I'd be able to go home every once in a while. I discovered I was wrong."

John and Maggie were married in the little mining town. John planned to work in the mines only until they could get away and then Maggie would take vocal lessons. She loved to sing and, in America, she hoped to be able to do something with her voice.

But there was no getting away. Wages never seemed enough. There would always be strikes and layoffs. Cameron was born, then Eric.

They didn't want the boys to go into the mines: these towns were so

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

ONLY two things in life are certain, Benjamin Franklin once remarked: death and taxes. But there is one other unpleasant certainty: criticism. No one escapes it entirely. And often our careers, our emotional stability, our happiness depend on how we react to it.

There are really two kinds of criticism: the gentle, tactful, constructive variety (which no one gets much of!); and the blunt, harsh, hostile kind. I can speak with wry authority about this second kind. For years, everything in my life went fairly well. Then some very vocal critics of my writings and my ministry appeared. When the storm arose, I didn't know how to handle it. I had to learn—the hard way!

What I learned mainly is that if you're a sensitive person, or an honest one, you can't just brush criticism aside or pretend it's not there. You have to face up to it on three levels: the emotional, the rational and the practical.

CRITIC

Controlling your emotional reaction is the hardest. Criticism is a direct attack on your self-esteem. So it is all too easy to react with resentment and anger. But this just makes you more vulnerable; if all you do is resent your critic, you are only poisoning yourself.

The first step, then, is to *force* yourself to be dispassionate. This never is easy, but it can be done. I once went to see Herbert Hoover, surely one of the most unjustly maligned men of our era. "Mr. President," I said to him, "how did you keep from being embittered by all that criticism during your Presidency?"

"Well," said Mr. Hoover with a smile, "I can think of two possible answers. In the first place, as you know, I'm an engineer, trained to anticipate problems. I knew that sooner or later every one of my predecessors had had to face a barrage of criticism. So, when I moved into the White House, I was prepared. That was one thing.

"The other," he said gently, "is that I'm a Quaker." I knew what he meant: Quakers believe in an inner quietness, a peace that will come if you empty your heart of resentment and bitterness. When a man has this God-given inner calm, he is not likely to be disturbed by man-made storms.

The Bible, with its profound insight into human nature, says, *pray* for your

critics; bless them that hurt you. This may seem preposterous to someone smarting under the lash of undeserved criticism, but the amazing truth is that it does relieve the hurt. It's effective, because the human mind can hold only one idea at a time. If you force yourself to pray for your critic, you cannot simultaneously brood about the injury that has been done to you.

Yet another way to steady your emotions when you find yourself under attack is to reflect that strong men and women always have been criticized. If your life has any vitality at all, if you are determined to get things done, you are going to encounter hostility and opposition. The greatest Man who ever walked this earth was bitterly criticized, condemned and finally crucified by contemporaries who could not stand the impact of His revolutionary ideas.

Abraham Lincoln, today probably our most beloved President, said, "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me

ISM

HOW TO ACCEPT IT... UNDERSTAND IT... AND USE IT!

won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

The second step in coping with criticism is to be rational. Take up the criticism and examine it objectively, for as Leschetizky, the great piano teacher, used to say, "We learn much from the disagreeable things people say, for they make us *think*; whereas the good things only make us glad."

Ask yourself honestly if there is any truth in the criticism. Beware of self-excuses or rationalizations; if you give in to these, you may just compound the original error. If you are forced to the conclusion that what your critic is saying is true, the best thing to do is admit it. This in itself will silence him. After all, if you agree with him, what more can he say? Besides, it's astonishing how people rally to the side of someone who can admit he's wrong.

Another rational approach is to examine the qualifications of your critic. Has he reason to be spiteful or jealous? Then perhaps you can dismiss his words. Is he reputable and sincere? If so, you had better weigh his remarks.

I remember well an episode of a few years ago. The dean of a famous divinity school had made a speech in which he said some very harsh things about me. When reporters swooped down on me, clamoring for a reply, I didn't even know what the dean had said. One of the reporters was more than happy to tell

me. I was upset, but I took a deep breath and said that my critic was an eminent man whose judgment I respected. I added that therefore I had better re-examine my message and my methods, and that if I found any error, I would try to correct it.

I'll never forget the expressions on those reporters' faces. They were looking for a battle—and they were unable to stir one up.

Is there anything on the *practical* level that you can do in dealing with criticism? Yes, you can try to help your critic. For criticism is a two-edged sword, and often it is the poisoned edge that cuts the person who wields it.

Gossip, for example, is nothing but criticism motivated by jealousy or insecurity. Small people often find it easier to tear someone else down than to try to build themselves up. But what is their reward? No one trusts them. In the end, no one believes them.

The Bible commands us to return good for evil. This is not pious nonsense; kindness *is* stronger than malice. I remember my father telling about a reporter he knew who covered William McKinley's campaign for the Presidency. His newspaper was violently opposed to McKinley, and he was supposed to travel on the train with the candidate and send back negative stories at every opportunity.

At first he did—and McKinley knew it. But one bitterly cold afternoon the reporter fell asleep huddled on the green plush seat of the unheated car. McKinley came by, stopped and spread his overcoat

over the man. When the reporter awoke and found out what had happened, he resigned from his job. He couldn't go on maligning a man big enough to answer his criticisms by befriending him.

Constant critics are often warped and unhappy people, clutching at false importance, trying to cover up their own inadequacies by pointing out the failings of other people. The Christian thing to do when you encounter hostility in another person is to try to get behind the anger, to understand what causes it, and to remove the cause for the other person's sake as well as for your own.

As Disraeli once remarked, "It is much easier to be critical than correct," so there will always be plenty of critics in the world. You can defend yourself against the unkind ones by learning to control your emotional reactions, by adopting a calm and rational attitude, and by honestly trying to help your critics rid themselves of their anger. But, in the last analysis, your best defense is your own day-to-day conduct. It is keeping your moral standards high. It is having a clear conscience. It is living a life without any necessity whatever for deception or lies or concealment.

If you will obey the Ten Commandments, if you will do your best to live up to the Golden Rule, the slings and arrows of self-appointed critics will make little impression on you because—as the Bible puts it—you will be wearing the armor of righteousness. And the Bible—as usual—is right.

Your Spiritual Workshop



OUR resource material for this month's spiritual workshop is a religious classic: Hannah Whitall Smith's *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*. Since 1870 when the first copy of this timeless work was printed, millions of people have found in its powerful message a spiritual ladder which has led them from shadowy despair into the sunshine of God's love.

Mrs. Smith—a housewife, a Quaker, a Philadelphian—began to write this book after she heard someone state, “You Christians seem to have a religion that makes you miserable. You are like a man with a headache. He does not want to get rid of his head, but it hurts him to keep it. You cannot expect outsiders to seek very earnestly for anything so uncomfortable.”

Hannah Smith saw in this observation an undeniable truth as well as a mysterious paradox. Ought not Christians be happy, optimistic people? she asked herself. Mrs. Smith's answer can be found in some of her remarks quoted on the following pages.

YOUR SPIRITUAL WORKSHOP

Although and Yet

We call it Prayer Fellowship. It is an institution, now, at Guideposts, and has been for better than 12 years. Each Monday morning at 9:45, we gather in prayer at our offices in Carmel, New York, and New York City. Before us is a formidable pile of letters, the week's accumulation. In the course of a year, this mail will number thousands of letters.

One by one they are opened and read silently by members of the staff. When all have been read, we pray for the problems that have been brought to our attention. The prayer requests come from people in all walks of life, from all parts of the world. Letters with problems like these:


- A bus driver told of the depression he felt over a lost friendship, severed because he voiced his religious convictions.
- A woman from the Midwest wrote that she was ashamed of her clothing and did not go to church because all of her dresses were old and out of style.
- A teenager in a home for unwed mothers asked that we pray that "God will give me strength to face life and start over after I have had my baby."
- A young college student sought God's guidance in choosing a mate ("Pray that He will show me whether or not Alice is the right girl.")
- A mother, whose son is in service performing hazardous duty, expressed the fear that he would

be killed.

- A banker, facing a cancer operation asked for God's healing.

Hannah Whitall Smith has an answer for all of these people and all others with problems they cannot handle alone. Her solution can be found in a "lost" chapter of her famous book. We say lost because the chapter entitled "ALTHOUGH and YET" which was a part of her original manuscript published in 1870, is seldom included in editions of *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life* in circulation today. An unknown publisher edited out this chapter years ago for reasons not understood.

The secret to serenity in any problem, says Mrs. Smith, is to know and accept fully the message in this verse:



I
Trust
Him

When I feel the
And His wind
For I've never a
And my heart b
The soft sweet s
Bright were th
I trusted Him wh
I trust H
Small were my f
Now that the
Frail were the tr
Doubting His
If I trust Him o
And His way
Through wind o
For He

*ALTHOUGH the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; YET I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.**

Mrs. Smith points out that all of God's saints have had to say "*although*" and "*yet*" to their problems. In Psalms, for example, you will read how David said in the moment of his keenest anguish, "*Although I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.*"* Job in torment, said, "*Although He slay me, yet will I trust Him.*"** David and Job show great spiritual maturity—the result of steady growth in their faith. More often than not such spiritual progress is marked by three necessary stages:

First, the period of beginning, the first real commitment of our life to

God, experiments in prayer, a growing awareness that God lives and loves us and keeps His promises.

Second in the "*although*" period there usually comes our private wilderness with a desert of trials, temptations, conflicts, distressing circumstances in our outward life. If we have no framework from which to view this wilderness, we are going to be sorely perplexed. It helps even more to know that God is the Lord of the desert as well as of the fruitful uplands.

"Every advancing soul," commented Mrs. Smith, "must come sooner or later to the place where it can trust God, the bare God, if I may be allowed that expression, when we have come to the end of everything that is not God, and have nothing left to rest on within or without."

So if that is the place where you are now, the question is, what can you do to make sure that you get across your desert safely and on through to that final "*yet*" stage?

The third stage is the triumph of faith over difficulty. What we can do to gain this victory will constitute our experiment for this month.

AN EXPERIMENT

Do you have a problem or frustration or concern which has got the better of you? A dilemma which is sapping your strength?

If so, the "*although*" and "*yet*" verses from Habakkuk will apply to your problem. Take a sheet of paper (or that looseleaf notebook we suggested before for workshop notes) and list in the order of their seriousness, all of those bothersome obstacles in your life which are

cold, I can say, "He sends it,"
blows blessings I surely know;
want but that He attends it;
eats warm, though the winds may blow.
immer was warm and glowing,
e blossoms on every bough;
en the roses were blowing,
im now.
ith should it weakly falter,
roses have ceased to blow;
ast that now should alter,
love when the storm-clouds grow.
nce I must trust Him ever,
s best, though I stand or fall,
r storm He will leave me never,
sends all.

Hannah W. Smith
(1832-1911)

keeping you from becoming a happier and more useful person. After you have constructed your list, write below:

No. 1 *Although* (Fill in your problem; for example, although I have lost my job.)

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

But if we are to rejoice in the midst of difficult circumstances, this has to be a real, not a make-believe rejoicing. Therefore, list in the *Yet* column all of the reasons for rejoicing you can think of no matter how trivial.

Then talk to God about your problem, only instead of making your prayer a complaining or beseeching one, go over your reasons for rejoicing with God *until you feel the emotion of joy begin to rise in you.*

At that point, when you can praise God really, not just with your mind or your lips, you will then know that you have truly made contact with Him, that He has heard, and that you can safely leave your difficulty in His hands.

Continue this exercise with each of your problems, as you go on through this month. It will be wise to leave room after each entry for some additional notes, for some insights are going to come to you as you apply the prayer of praise to your problem.

Another suggestion: your Bible is a never-ending source of help. When you have a specific need, turn to the concordance (the alphabeti-

cal listing in the back of most editions) and look under key words, e.g. trial, fear, sickness. Here you will find many verses which supplement your "*although* and *yet*" passage. When you find one that is particularly meaningful, record it under that problem on your list.

The greatest result of all is that we begin to have true friendship and fellowship with our God, and we find that joy flows from Him in a never-ending fountain.

That is why the greatest answers to prayer often come after all human props have failed us. When we come to the place when we can sing and mean it:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want: more than all in Thee I find. . ."

Then we shall know that we have crossed *our* desert safely. We will have learned what God wanted us to learn: dependence on Him alone. And finally, we shall understand the prophet Habakkuk and be able to say with him "*although* and *yet*" to any problem.

AN INVITATION

Guideposts invites you to participate in our Prayer Fellowship which meets each Monday morning at 9:45. Write us (Guideposts, Carmel, N. Y.) if you have a problem. We will be glad to include you in our prayers. Start your work week by joining us in the spirit of prayer each Monday.

The Staff

Your Spiritual Workshop is placed in the center of Guideposts so it can be removed for devotional use. To obtain REPRINTS of this month's Spiritual Workshop, please request MAY, 1964, WORKSHOP and make payment (10 for 50¢; 25 for \$1; 100 for \$3) to Guideposts, Carmel, N.Y. 10512.



The QUIET PEOPLE

*When thou doest
thine alms, do not
sound a trumpet
before thee.*

Matthew 6:2

THE request facing Dorothy Cook would have frightened any mother. Should she take on the care of Tommy—age one month—who had neither arms nor legs?

Mrs. Cook and her husband Oliver had cared for other handicapped children in their Memphis, Tennessee, home. But little Tommy's handicap overwhelmed them.

His mother pleaded with Mrs. Cook to take Tommy in for just a few weeks. She couldn't say no.

That was almost two years ago! When his own mother was physically unable to care for Tommy, the Cooks adopted him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook and their four children (two married, two still at home) couldn't bear the thought of Tommy going to a hospital or a foster home, and then another and another. . . . Tommy needed a great supply of care and of love. The Cooks had a wealth of both.

"At first Oliver and I wondered if we could take on the responsibility," Mrs. Cook explains, "but our children begged us to keep Tommy and promised they'd help."

And so little Tommy became a dearly loved son. And, like all mothers, Mrs. Cook is proud of his accomplishments.

Tommy now wears plastic arms with little hooks. He can use the hooks to brush his teeth, feed himself and play. When he goes to Sunday school, he carries his own dime for the collection plate.

Tommy's favorite riding device is a pushmobile. The Tennessee Crippled Children's Service, through Le Passes Rehabilitation Center, supplied Tommy with his arms and a plastic bucket seat on a small platform to which the Cooks attached wheels. Strapped in it, the child loves to propel himself about the house.

In a few years the Center, which is helping to train Tommy, will fit him with legs.

"My husband's father died when he was three; mine when I was six. I vowed that if I could help any child when I was grown up, I would do so," Mrs. Cook explains. "I'm trying now to fulfill my promise to God. And we thank Him for sending us Tommy to care for and to love."

Tommy's happy smile is evidence that Dorothy Cook has fulfilled—in double measure—her promise to God. ▶▶

Suggested by Edward E. Scott of Memphis, Tennessee.



A group of teen-age girls from Des Moines, Iowa, undertook an unusual project trying to draw closer to God. Here one of them tells what was learned from their . . .

BASEMENT CHAPEL by VIRGINIA KELLER

TEENAGERS find it difficult to put into words how they feel about many things—particularly religion. At our Sunday night Luther League meetings, for example, the questions asked by the leader often get that “bump-on-a-log” response. Many kids either can’t express their feelings or if they can, they would rather remain quiet than be considered “squares.”

In fact, some of the members don’t even come to these meetings unless there is some kind of party.

Jean Gutshall and her twin sister Janet and I were talking about this one day in school two years ago. We all are 17 and go to the same high school.

We had been reading a book during Lent called *In His Steps* by Charles Sheldon—the story of some people who agreed to base every decision they made on the question, “What would Jesus do?”

This idea appealed to us and we decided to pledge ourselves to do

this too. Then we got to talking about some of our problems with school and parents and how we ought to have a place to meet regularly to talk about these things. We wondered what Jesus would do and we remembered that He often went off into the mountains to find quiet. That’s how the idea came for building a chapel in the basement of my home.

I guess you could say that coming from some girls this idea sounds pretty far out. We certainly didn’t know much about chapels, but anyway this day in school I drew a rough sketch of a chapel and slipped it to Jean between classes. Jean then passed it on to her twin. We decided it was a start.

The next step was to ask permission of the one who most used the basement. That’s Mrs. Keller, my mother. When Mother got over the first shock, she said, “Well . . . yes . . . if you think



Another article in the series **YOUTH: In Search of Meaning**

you can do it." (Which meant she didn't think we could.)

Early in June, 1961, three eager girls, armed with soap, scouring powder and mops, marched into the Keller basement. First, all the dust-covered chairs, sofas, books, tools and relics were moved into the next room. This really was appreciated by my mother who from then on had to high hurdle the stuff to get to her washing machine.

The rest of the day was spent removing mountains of dust from the floors, walls, ceilings and windows of the basement.

The room had only three walls, so the painting assignment was easy: one wall per girl. The colors were white, blue and gold. We mixed the paint ourselves.

After painting the walls, we found there was a considerable amount of blue paint left. "Let's paint everything!" suggested Janet.

Mother frowned when she saw the wrong kind of paint on the floor, but she almost threw a fit when she saw the register painted too. It might be a hot air register, she told us. Luckily, it was a cold one. Whew!

Next we decided that the altar and chancel area must be above the floor. Here we faced our first major decision—ping-pong or a raised chancel. Good-by ping-pong. The green table was turned into flooring.

Meanwhile, two friends joined our project: Judy Gettys and Linda Francisco. The five of us now turned to the ceiling which had beams running across it. The beams were to be brown and the ceiling white. It took us three months to paint the entire ceiling. And there

A little girl and her father walked in the evening. Fascinated, she looked up at the stars, but made no comment. "What are you thinking?" her father asked and the little girl replied, "If the bottom side of heaven is so beautiful, how wonderful the other side must be."

20th Century Christian

was only one fatality—a gallon of brown paint fell onto one pair of shorts and one blouse, both worn by Janet. Most of Janet remained unpainted though.

"Where are we going to get an altar?" Jean asked one day. Mother heard our moans and groans about the problem and came through with a splendid idea. She phoned a piano company and had a piano crate reserved. When it arrived, however, it was too big to go through the basement door. Now what?

So one evening we took hammers and saws and literally tore the piano crate apart. The next evening we put it back together again in the form of an altar. It was really beautiful.

Now things began to move faster. We got the sides up on either side of the chancel, built a Communion rail and then a lectern.

The floor was finished with a light blue paint. We thought we were very clever, leaving a final unpainted path to the Sacristy where we kept our books and supplies. We forgot just one thing: a 100-watt bulb burning directly over the middle of the newly painted floor. It had to be left burning until the floor dried and

we could turn it off.

Our funds were so low by now that we got trading stamps from our mothers to obtain a picture of Christ, three branch candlesticks and a pair of smaller candlesticks. We embroidered all the hangings for the altar except the white linen altar cloth, which was a gift from our church, St. John's Lutheran.

The chapel was completed when Linda's next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kalainov, donated an ancient but welcome pump organ. How beautiful our chapel looked and how proud we were of it!

The whole project had been fun, but it was more than that. We felt we were doing something, however small, for Jesus. But not everyone felt good about it, we discovered to our surprise.

Some of our parents were perturbed. "What are you trying to do? Start a new church?" they asked.

We were upset about this and went to see our associate pastor Dr. Beil. He wanted to know if we were "playing church" and if the chapel could be moved around. When we brought him over to see it, he looked surprised and sat there quietly for a while.

"This is remarkable," he said enthusiastically.

Our happiest day came when our pastor Louis Valbracht dedicated the chapel. Forty people attended, including some members of the Luther League. The minister told us that home worship is an important part of every Christian's life. He said that such a beautiful chapel could be meaningful and helpful in putting our minds in the proper frame for worshipping God.

"Our earliest churches held services in homes," Pastor Valbracht said. He quoted Paul as sending greetings to Philemon and the "church in thy house." The pastor reminded us, however, that getting close to God is not a matter of location, but rather a state of being. The chapel was then named St. Andrew's, after the faithful disciple.

Since the dedication, we have held many services, but mostly the chapel has been used for discussions and personal meditation. As we get ready for college next fall, we feel we now know more about the function of a church, but perhaps the greatest value of this experience was that we found a joyous way to express our feelings about God.

The girls who built the chapel will graduate from high school next month. Left to right are Jean Gutshall, Judy Eberline (a newcomer who first became interested in the church through the chapel fellowship), Linda Francisco, Janet Gutshall, Virginia Keller and Judy Gettys. (Des Moines Tribune Photos.)





A Monument for Coach Wood

HE spent most of his life as a high school football coach.

He taped a thousand ankles and bandaged a hundred cuts. He even washed the dirty uniforms once in a while. He was proud to do it.

His name was L. C. (Carroll) Wood.

You won't recognize the name unless you have lived within that circle called Central Texas where he coached at McGregor, Cameron and Mexia. In 30 years he won 221 games, lost 70 and tied 15. He won some 15 district championships and a hatful of other titles.

He had a barrel chest and a set of anvil arms, seemingly misplaced between a bald head and a pair of spindly legs that bore countless scars, hacked by football cleats and action in World War I.

Coach Wood watched football advance from flimsy helmets to plastic head-gear and from baggy uniforms to skin-tight synthetics.

Some things didn't change.

He always insisted his boys neither smoke nor drink during the season. One asked, "How come you're so strict and yet you smoke cigars, Coach?"

"You just landed a punch, Son," he said. And he tossed the cigar away, never to touch tobacco again.

He lost a title game because his star back had violated a curfew and was benched. He suffered one of his worst seasons when he expelled five lettermen for breaking training.

"Winning's second to putting 11 gentlemen on the field," he often said.

He always insisted his athletes go to college for an education, not just a football free ride.

"You'll never get rich in this business," he'd say, "and they don't run around building statues for high school coaches or athletes."

In a way he was wrong. Coach Wood is gone now.

He left no personal fortune and nobody rushed out to erect a monument in the city park.

But he left behind a small rock-fenced stadium called Wood Field.

And he left 5,000 men who still proudly call themselves Coach Wood's boys.

Make that 5,001. I'm his son.

Bob Wood
Phoenix, Arizona



Siren Songs of Today

by **BILLY GRAHAM**

ACCORDING to a Greek legend, there lived on an island in the Mediterranean Sea a race of fascinating creatures, half woman and half fish called sirens. As a ship would near the shore, the sirens would come with their harps and sing. Because their songs were so enticing, the mariners were drawn away from the hardships of the sea toward the island of promise, and their ships were smashed on the rocks. There are singers of siren songs in our own times. Strange music is again filling the ears of the peoples of the world, promising salvation and peace. As I look at the American scene today, I hear several songs being sung which could cause our nation to flounder.

First, there is the song that says the West will win over Communism—if we wait long enough, that time is on our side.

We were so buoyed up by the Communist backdown in Cuba and the alleged split between China and Russia that we are in danger of being lulled into a false sense of security.

During the past 12 years I have talked to Communist leaders in many parts of the world, and I am convinced that we face a titanic self-confident movement that has no intention of halting its drive toward world domination.

The second siren song that I hear is that our military might will save us. Do not misunderstand me. I am not a pacifist. I believe we should maintain the strongest military establishment on earth. But the dan-

ger lies in our dependence on this military power for our security, when the real enemy is our drifting away from our moral and spiritual moorings.

The Bible says, *Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.** Who can forget the picture of George Washington on his knees at Valley Forge? Or Benjamin Franklin calling the Constitutional Assembly to prayer, and out of that prayer meeting emerging the Constitution of the United States? Who can forget Abraham Lincoln on his knees time after time with his cabinet beseeching God's will to be done in the midst of the Civil War? This is the spiritual heritage of America.

Our nation is great because, despite our failings, God has blessed and protected us. We still keep the motto "In God We Trust" on our

coins, but have we preserved it in our hearts?

The third siren song that I hear is that we can continue to disregard moral law and survive.

God gave to men certain moral laws and warned that if we break them we will pay for it in the destruction of the individual and the society. Who can deny that we are breaking the Ten Commandments at every turn? ...The First Commandment thunders, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.** God claims supremacy above all man's loyalties and allegiances; to the extent that the First Commandment is observed, men are free. When it is nullified, they are enslaved.

This is why it is so important that the nation put God back on His rightful throne in our national affairs.

The fourth siren song that I hear is that we can have the highest concepts of Christianity and Judaism without personal commitment and involvement.

As I travel throughout the country, I find that people are nervous and restless, that there is a hunger and a thirst and a yearning for something unknown—something more than material possessions, success or the other things people strive for. Many say that there is no hope.

I disagree. I believe that there *is* an answer; there *is* a way out; there *is* hope for us as individuals and for us as a nation.

As I listen to the cries of modern man for a savior, I try to call back, "A Saviour *has* been given, yet few are accepting Him." Man seeks desperately for some other kind of savior in science, sociology, psy-

chology, political schemes. The astounding truth is that the central event of the whole history of this planet was on that Christmas night 2,000 years ago. Jesus Christ has the key to our frustrations and dilemmas.

He offers the inward security, peace, joy and salvation that could change your life, your home, your business, our nation and the world....

There is no middle ground. None of us can be neutral. Christ said: "*You cannot serve God and self; you must make a choice.*"**

Which way will America choose—the commandments of men or the Commandments of God? On that decision rests the destiny of America!



PERSISTENCE

A Boston brokerage house advertised that it was seeking a young man for a job in its office, and invited applicants to mail in their resumes. One man who wrote seeking the job waited for a reply. When the mails brought no answer, he wrote again stating his interest and qualifications. In desperation, he wrote a third time. Still no word.

Believing that persistence is a principal ingredient of success, the young man took a train to Boston, went to the post office, found the company's mail box and waited. When an employee of the company arrived to collect the day's mail, the young man followed that person to his office. After the manager heard the lad's story, he said, "You're the one we are looking for. The job is yours." Thus began the career of Roger Babson, one of America's illustrious financial statisticians.

Leslie B. Flynn
American Tract Society

Woman of Valour



A woman of valour who can find?
For her price is above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely
trust in her,
And he hath no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life. . . .
She riseth also while it is yet night,
And giveth food to her household. . . .
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to
the needy. . . .
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her
household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness,
Her children rise up, and call her
blessed. . . .
Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain:
But a woman that feareth the Lord,
she shall be praised.
Give her of the fruits of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates.

Proverbs 31:10-31 (The Holy Scriptures, Jewish Publication Society of America translation)

DR. PAUL BRAND, one of today's medical heroes, discovered in routine duty the

DOORWAY TO A NEW LIFE

How does a person receive "a call from God" to undertake a particular task in this world? Those who have received one know that the experience is like walking through a door into a new life. Yet many seek the door and never find it, while others walk in without ever knowing that they have passed through. The latter must surely have applied to me.

Back in the fall of 1946 I boarded a ship bound to India from England. In my pocket was a cablegram which had uprooted my plans for a medical career in England and started me across the continent in pursuit of what seemed a rather unattractive duty.

"You must come at once," the cable had read. "We need you here desperately. Signed—Cochrane." Dr. Robert C. Cochrane, then head of the Christian Medical College at Vellore, India, is a great missionary-statesman. I had never met him personally though he had known my mother. If Cochrane said he needed me I felt it my duty to respond.

Arriving in India, I told Dr. Cochrane good-naturedly, "You have bullied me into coming. All right, I'll stay, but only for a year, to see you through this shortage on your teaching staff."

Because of my wartime surgical experience in rehabilitation I was asked to instruct in Orthopedics.

One day while visiting a nearby hospital devoted to treating lep-



rosy, I stopped to examine one patient whose hands showed the paralyzed, claw-like deformity typical of the disease. The hand had lost all sense of feeling and the fingers were curled tightly against the palm.

"What is being done," I asked one of the hospital staff, "to rehabilitate these deformities?"

I was absolutely astounded to learn that no rehabilitation was considered possible for leprosy patients. At that time perhaps two out of every 100 persons in that part of India were in some way suffering from leprosy, and many, like this patient, showed the paralysis and deforma-

tion caused by the disease. They were outcasts, considered incurable, and permitted to beg, or just shift for themselves. Up to that time leprosy patients were not admitted to any general hospital, even Vellore had no ward for them. A few homes and special hospitals existed to give them some care, love, and a place to stay when families would no longer accept them.

Curiously I pried open the fingers of the patient's hand, placed my own hand in his and said, "Clasp my hand, squeeze!" Immediately the patient's fingers closed on mine in a grip like a steel spring. Long nails cut into my flesh.

I drew my hand back in pain. And then suddenly I experienced a wonderful thrill. I realized that the patient's hand still retained life, and *some* muscles that worked.

Excited by the discovery, I discussed the possibilities with our research staff. These doctors, biochemists and laboratory technicians began making extensive tests of the damaged arms and legs of leprosy patients. The results showed: nerves responsible for the sense of touch

were dead, some muscles were damaged, others untouched. But most important of all, the deformed limbs showed no traces of live leprosy bacilli. It was a clue.

About this time a patient saw me trying, unsuccessfully, to turn a key in a rusty lock. Offering to help he took the key and turned it hard—the lock opened. As the smiling patient proudly handed the key back to me, I saw that the flesh of his fingers was torn to the bone. Apparently he did not realize the great pressure he exerted, because the nerves were dead and he had felt no pain.

Following this discovery, we devised tests to measure the pressure used by patients in walking and working. Results showed that it was the use of strength, with no feeling of pain, that did most of the damage. Torn flesh, from walking on sharp objects, cuts to limbs, and burns on unfeeling hands, all resulted in simple infections which, because they could not be felt, became serious, sometimes turning to gangrene and ending in permanent damage to the body. *This* was a most important discovery: the leprosy bacilli, itself, was not the deforming agent.

And then we began to try for re-



Dr. Paul Brand and his wife, Dr. Margaret Brand (an ophthalmologist who specializes in eye problems of leprosy) are the parents of five children. Dr. Brand received the Albert Lasker Award in 1960 and recently Queen Elizabeth titled him Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Both Dr. and Mrs. Brand are consultants to the American Leprosy Missions Inc. (297 Park Ave. South, N.Y.C.)

habilitation. First we operated on hands. Tendons from undamaged and little-used muscles in a patient's arm were grafted to the tendons of the fingers, to provide a new source for activation. The graft took, and for the first time in years a patient was able to open his hand and grasp the tools and articles of daily life.

Since that day we have performed this operation on hundreds of others. Each day brought new challenge, new progress, new excitement.

My original contract lengthened into two, three, four years. Gradually I realized I had at last found my "call." Truly, I believe, I was one of those who had to be literally "pushed through the door" to the new life.

Recently I have been lecturing on the work which we are doing in Vellore. In Switzerland I met a group of young people who were studying for the missionary field. One of them asked:

"How can I *know* when God has 'called' me?"

My reply was to tell them my own story!

Born in India, of missionary parents, I was sent to England to complete my schooling. Undecided about a career I knew only that I wanted to work where I could be of service to people. So I prayed, earnestly, for God's guidance in the matter.

While waiting, though I did not feel called to follow my parents as missionaries, or to return to India, I joined a building firm where I learned carpentry, plumbing, architecture and some agriculture. Then I took a course in first aid. It was this that made me decide to study medicine.

I had just finished medical school when World War II cut across my life, and I found myself drafted to remain in London, caring for air raid victims. Much of the surgery I performed was concerned with the rehabilitation of shattered hands, arms, legs and faces. Little did I see, then, how God was quietly preparing me for His call. At war's end I had decided to settle myself in London for practice when Dr. Cochran's cable arrived.

Today, I told my young listeners in Switzerland, there seem to be increasing numbers of persons anxious to receive "a call from God" to guide their life's work. But often some of these dedicated people use the excuse of "waiting for the call" to avoid shouldering the responsibilities of routine duty which stand immediately before them. It is too bad, for of this I am certain, God *will* find us, and make His will known, wherever we are. The story of John Parthasarthy is a beautiful example.

John had not only the claw hands of a leper but he was blinded as well. The old man came one day to ask that we perform the tendon-graft operation on his hands. Now, there are literally thousands of persons in India with this deformity so we have tried to select those who, when healed, could be taught a trade and returned to useful service in their communities.

"What work would you do?" we asked him. "Though we can open your fingers, we cannot return the sense of touch—and you are blind."

"I once played the organ," replied John Parthasarthy. "I have faith that I will make beautiful music again."

With great misgivings, but unable

to resist John's pleadings, we operated on John's hands. Weeks later, when the incisions had healed and the claws returned to a semblance of normalcy, we led John to the organ in the chapel.

John's nerveless fingers caressed the keys, his sightless head bent to one side as though listening, then the hands moved—and discord filled the silence. Without the sense of touch the fingers would not obey.

Unhappily, we drew away, leaving John to his broken dream. He tried a few more chords, without success, then paused—and began again. This time the melody mended, the stray notes fluttered, then fell into place and the lovely strains of an old hymn, *Jesus Shall Reign Wherever The Sun* filled the room with a glorious sound. John's sightless face was a beautiful thing to see. We will never forget it.

John is now in the sanitarium at Hydrabad. But every afternoon there he plays the organ, bringing

cheer and inspiration to the patients and staff. How glad we are now, that God inclined our hearts to have faith in John's faith.

Faith—it is such a simple and beautiful word. I often look about me here at Vellore and think: the work being done in this medical college is a most remarkable example of faith. For here we are striving to live the compassion that Christ taught—and finding that it passes all barriers of individual belief.

Vellore is a tremendous cooperative venture linking scores of Protestant denominations. And the students at this College training to become doctors, surgeons, nurses, and technicians represent many races and come from many countries in S.E. Asia, and although not all have personal religious convictions yet we are striving, together, to experience and to express the transforming power of Christ in our individual lives as we work together to help our fellow men.

THE DEBT: When Bradley Walker was ten years old he had the bad habit of evaluating everything by its worth in money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and he constantly talked about the money he was going to make in life. One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast, he put on his mother's plate the following note, neatly folded:

Mother owes Bradley—

For running errands	\$1.50
For being good one week50
For taking music lessons50
Extras50
Total	\$3.00

His mother smiled at the statement and at lunch time the bill and three dollars were on Bradley's plate. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money. Then he saw that there was another piece of paper beside his plate on which his mother had written:

Bradley owes Mother—	
For being good to him	Nothing
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever	Nothing
For clothes, shoes and toys	Nothing
For his meals and beautiful room	Nothing
Total Bradley owes Mother	Nothing

*from Chaplain J. L. Goldberg's column
in the Long Island Press*

A CALENDAR STORY

All who enter the grounds of the magnificent *Cathedral of the Pines* in Rindge, New Hampshire, pass between two boulders, one bearing the inscription *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God** and the other: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*** The inscriptions in English and Hebrew recall that these are the laws of the Christians and of the Jews. *The Cathedral of the Pines* is dedicated to Almighty God as a place where all people may worship God.

The pine grove on the hill had been selected as the site of his future home by Lt. Sanderson Sloane before he left to serve his country as a pilot. After his death in action in 1944, his parents dedicated the land as a memorial to Sandy and to all who have died for their country.

Now people of all faiths and all origins worship at the stone altar built at the rim of a wooded hill. Stones donated by Presidents Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy and from every state are incorporated into *The Altar of the Nation*, the national memorial for all American war dead, to symbolize the unity and strength of a grateful people.

*Deuteronomy 6:5; Matthew 22:37 **Leviticus 19:18; Matthew 22:39

Holidays & Holy Days

Emphasizing areas of agreement among the major faiths; their mutual worship of one God; and their determination to preserve freedom under God for all men.

May
1 Holy Friday
—Eastern Orthodox

May
3 Rural Life Sunday
—Protestant
(Rogation Sunday) To invoke God's blessing on the farmer.
Easter —Eastern Orthodox

May
7 Ascension Day
—Protestant, Catholic
Commemorates the ascent of Jesus into heaven. For Catholics: Holy Day of Obligation.

May
10 Mother's Day
Observed by people of all faiths.

May
17 Shabuoth, Feast of Weeks
—Jewish
Celebrates the giving of the Ten Commandments at Mt. Sinai.

May
17 Whitsunday or Pentecost
—Protestant, Catholic

Marks the descent of the Holy Spirit 50 days after the Resurrection.

May
30 Memorial Day
A day of tribute to the war dead.

1964		MAY						1964	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
					1	2			
3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
10	11	12	13	14	15	16			
17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30			

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